The COMMONWEAL

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Lewis's Miners

It happens every so often. A few columns of news about impending difficulties in the coal industry, then headlines and the scowling features of John L. Lewis, inevitably followed by the miners leaving the pits almost to a man. Next a drain on the nation's coal-piles with long strings of empty coal cars in the newsreels and in the papers, which blast away indignantly and ineffectually at the United Mine Worker chief. Finally, higher wages or other benefits for the miners, a return to work and a higher price for coal passed on to the ultimate consumer of fuel, electric current or products of manufacture. Each time a renewed hold over his men. Eighteen months ago when the mines were government-operated Lewis's tactics of flaunting all opposition cost the United Mine Workers $700,000 in fines and his policy has led such major consumers as individual householders and larger railroads to convert to oil (this, and the introduction of new machinery, has reduced the membership in his UMW by a third). Otherwise Mr. Lewis has won for his UMW a virtually unbroken series of successes.

How was he able to do it? Take only the soft coal industry, where at the moment, to quote a Lewisism, the miners are manifesting a "common and legitimate disinclination to work." To begin with, soft coal powers the nation's steel mills, auto factories and a wide range of other manufacturing plants, freight and passenger trains, ships on both oceans, the Great Lakes and many other inland waterways, most public utility plants. Coal is the most strategic of the nation's industries. Not only do the bulk of the soft coal miners belong to UMW but that union is centralized in structure. For instance, Mr. Lewis himself personally appoints two-thirds of the members of the UMW Executive Board. And in addition to an organizational set-up and procedure which make effective opposition to John L. impossible, there is the fact that because of what he has won for the miners year after year they are solidly behind him. Then there is the hazardous nature of the work itself, with the repeated failures of the operators and the government authorities to enforce laws designed to safeguard life and limb (with appalling disasters, reaching the proportions of that of Centralia, Ill., recurring periodically). Also the abysmal living conditions in many of the company towns. It is hardly surprising that the miners look to John L. Lewis as their only bulwark. With such a set-up how can he ever lose a strike?

The present walkout has a curious origin. There was an impasse among the three welfare fund trustees over retirement pensions for the miners. Mr. Lewis demanded $100 per month - a figure mathematically impossible from the 10 cents a ton royalty which Mr. Lewis has exacted for miners' sick and disability benefits, burial expenses and other welfare items. Mr. Horner, representative of the mine operators, took an unconstructive, negative attitude during these proceedings. Thomas E. Murray, representative of the public, did propose a seemingly feasible pension plan which neither of his colleagues would consider. Thereupon he resigned. Since then the operators have sought the appointment of a new public representative, but Mr. Lewis has rejected all candidates as unacceptable. Such is the situation which he describes as the "dishonoring" of the contract by the operators, the "cause" of the latest walkout.

To point out the flimsiness of Mr. Lewis's present case is not to say that the pensions themselves are not highly desirable. And it is hard to believe that he is simply seizing another chance for big publicity. A more likely explanation is that the UMW chief wants the nation's coal-piles precarious enough next June, when the present contract expires, so that he can exact another real hike in wages. Will Mr. Lewis ever go too far? Legislators are at present working on amendments to Taft-Hartley which would subject labor leaders to anti-trust persecution for causing strikes or stoppages in two or more companies (which goes considerably beyond previous not-enacted proposals to outlaw industry-wide strikes). The reputed caliber of his present advisers does not indicate that John L. Lewis will know any better than other absolute dictators when he has reached the point beyond which further coups lead to disaster.

It ain't mercatorilly so....

A recent visitor from Europe commented that here we were doing all the right things, making perfectly proper gestures, preparing ourselves for whatever of macabre the future offered with reasonable promptness, but that we were

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proceeding about these various occupations as though puppets functioning in a fogged daze. We have accepted the imminence of war without question: what this visitor resented was our uncurious, bewildered automatism. One way to rinse the mist out of our eyes would be to shift, albeit momentarily, our geographic focus to make ourselves see, for example, the events of this last week, as Moscow saw them. We all opened our infant eyes upon a world molded upon Mercator's projection, a world heavily frosted with pink icing, where the tiny British Falkland islands looked half the size of Siberia, where Greenland loomed large as Australia, and the USA seemed so cosily close to Latin America and such a comfortable distance from Plymouth Sound. Actually, London is almost two thousand miles nearer New York than is Buenos Aires, and there's small reason why a roadless land isthmus should bring a continent nearer than well crowded ocean and air. Murmansk is by sea two thousand miles closer to New York than is the capital of Argentina; by air, Moscow is 4700 miles away, to BA's 5150.

Seen, then, as it were from the inside of the USSR, the events of last week included pressure on Scandinavia and a potential Yugo-Slav threat to Trieste: as though two prongs of a nutcracker were squeezing between them the long, almond-shaped, green plain of Europe. All along the margins, as though crimping and indenting the margins of a pie-crust, Russia was busy, needling the Allies in Berlin, teasing the American-stiffened monarchists in Greece, frightening Finland, with unsought gifts. And, at the remotest end of the European continent, the Iberian peninsula became again what it had been for the antique world, the pillars of Hercules, the Hesperidean extremity at the rim of the known.

To see ourselves as others see us, it is sometimes necessary to begin by seeing others as they see themselves: this eye-exercise is very helpful in the discarding of spectacles, rose-colored and other. Just as Mercator's projection has pandered to every American isolationist's cocoon of smug self-confidence, so the Russian's view of his landlocked country, so singularly lacking in harbors or ports, has contributed to his bifocal casting of a greedy eye, now east, to Sakhalin and beyond, now west, on occasion, to Barcelona; today south of Teheran, and north to Oslo. The strange airplane clash in Berlin seems as inexplicable as the collision inevitable whenever there are only two couples waltzing on an empty dance-floor, but it may prove to be productive of more good than harm. At the cost of one Russian killed, the USSR has learned to apologize; fourteen British dead have roused the English from their wishful thinking. The London *Economist's* heartening pats of approval upon America's stiffened spine are excellent spring tonic; let us now de-mercatorialize our minds.

Lost Spain of Lost Youth

It is like growing old and you have left the town in Michigan and it is hard to remember what it was like when you carried her books home from school and it is hard to remember what it was like when that great lout lied and there was no friend left to you in the world; it is hard to remember the loves and hates of youth, or its courage, its earnest thinking, its hope.

That is the way it is now about Franco. There have been so many disasters and also the triumphs and all the while Franco has been sitting in Madrid -- disappointing Goebbels, ("What's the matter with that man? Can't he make up his mind?"), bargaining with Roosevelt, selling Wolfram, keeping himself out of the war. Now all the rest of them are dead; Franco still sits in Madrid. Everything was important in Spain when he first came, nothing is important in Spain now that he has stayed so long. Emotionally, that is; the emotions, for what they are worth, no longer are excited by anything this man can do, by any reshuffling, by any transmission of powers to Don Juan or to anyone else. The emotions are not excited either by anything anyone can do to him nor, certainly, by the fact that no one is attempting to do anything to him -- except, as usual, to bribe him. It is hard to remember the intense, violent early years when our emotions, and also our principles, were engaged.

That is one of the many things the Communists have done to us for which we do not forgive them. They have messed things up so that it is hard to know when a strike is a good strike, when a revolution is a good revolution, when a war is a clean war, and everything that was clear, the loves and the hates, no longer is clear, because the Communists have touched, smeared and dirtied everything--including the causes, which no longer are even "lost" causes because now they are confused. The Communists have made it impossible for us to care whether Franco stays or goes, which means, practically speaking, that they have kept him in power. They have wanted it that way; they can have it that way.

And so the business now--just for the present--is no longer the job we wanted to take on when we finished with the war. We wanted that job to be the inauguration of peace for the world, with an immense, an unheard of freedom everywhere, with free movement and frontiers not counting for much, with freedom to work wherever there was work to be done; our job will have to be--just for the present--a more limited business. That is the way the Communists have wanted it. We shall have to rebuild, strengthen and bind together one part only of the world--not all the world--the part that concerns us most, the part that sustains our perfectible civilization: Western Europe.

When the House of Representatives suddenly

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tacked Spain on to the Marshall Plan and, next day, the Senate took Spain out of the Marshall Plan, we were not disturbed, moved or excited. The House forgot that we were committed through the United Nations to an anti-Franco policy; the Senate remembered the Italian elections and the existence of the 16 European nations with whom rests the initiative to invite others to share in ERP. But it does not matter what the House and Senate did because it is inevitable now that all non-Communist European nations, Spain included, will join together in order to save themselves and rebuild a Europe. It will be a happier day when this need for defense ceases to exist; perhaps Franco will still be round and about; perhaps he won't; at that time his presence again may matter; now it does not.

Violence *versus* Morale

The United States, in really good shape, could not be beaten, policed, and ruled against reason and against our own firm and unified resolution and carelessness of terror and death. It would be proportionately still more impossible to defeat the wider area of the West and subject it to bad, alien rule, if the West were internally sound. Defined as loosely as this, almost anybody would accept the statement, I believe, from Mr. Wallace to General MacArthur.

To tighten it up a bit and go out farther, it seems obvious to me that we could not be defeated and held down, if our culture were very healthy, even though we did not fight with the biggest weapons and conduct the total kind of material battle. In fact, it seems to me that one can make an absolute statement which in a sense eliminates the whole question: The peak of Western civilization is sanctity and the West fulfils itself most properly in saints, and their martyrdom would be triumph and no defeat for our culture. It appears necessary for Christians to believe this true, and it covers the end, the extreme, the absolute; but its application along the way, in all the areas of the relative and currently historical, hardly seems self-evident. Maybe there could be a formula demonstrating how the less clarity and resolution there is in a civilization, the greater material violence and force is required to protect it.

What it means to have the country, rather, our civilization, in good shape is something to argue about at length, but not right here. The minimum of meaning needed here is that the life of a civilization is a sort of unity, complex in itself and a thing of intellect and will, of spirit, and distinguished and different from the life and unity of other civilizations. The culture is strong when this inner life is strong. The West would be unconquerable and could defend itself without the enormous weapons and wars which mankind fears, and which would likely destroy the West with its enemies, if we grasped in clear and creative fashion the life and spirit of our world; if we had adequate understanding and unity of purpose and motive and hope.

Two obvious questions pull one up from such low level theorizing: Even granted some truth to the ideas, how to bring about that "if," and what to do so long as the "if" does not come about? Once again, there is no lack of advice about invigorating the spirit of the Western community, and again there is tragically little unity to the advice. It is safest, perhaps, to take up a few negative opinions first.

Appeasers are direct enemies of the unity and life of the West - of the internal strength which makes our society worthwhile and could guard its life and do so without the most destructive violence. The first reason is because they fail to recognize that there are different civilizations in the world, with different principles of life and growth. Soviet Communism is an enemy of our society, fighting its fruition and pushing an alternative. As the Soviet advances, the West retracts, in numbers, in geography and in vitality. In a less clear, but still sure way, the platform of most social democratic reformers is back-front. Their conception of how we should purify and strengthen ourselves internally in order to obtain the wanted strength leaves too much out of account. They disregard the fact that the communists fight the internal strengthening of our culture, since they are committed to smashing it and taking it over into theirs. They refuse to recognize that material and institutional reform and progress will not be secure and in the long run creative unless they arise from the living spirit of the culture. They, also, are impelled toward compromising Western civilization *away*, as the appeasers do, because they do not believe in a unity of the civilization and in the spiritual character of that unity.

Another negative opinion, perhaps directed at the other side: The big weapon advocates and draft and universal military training people so far seem failing in essential ways. The military matter is advanced without ideology, except strategic or almost tactical. The morale and spirit of the West are neglected or taken for granted, when it is exactly the weakness of that morale which makes us seem to need military protection. It appears ironically likely that, unless leaders teach and communicate a clearer and more loyal participation in the spirit of Western civilization, the government will be unable to get the huge military establishment asked for. Then, if the country's leaders and government do succeed in developing a more creative loyalty and understanding, to at least that degree, the need for the great weapons and war training will decrease and fade away in more genuine and tranquil security. P.B.

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Japan and The Ideal*

Francis J. Horner

In all cases of psychological illness or disorder, diagnosis is often a matter of considerable difficulty. But if this is so in regard to individuals, it is likely to be far more so when one is dealing with a whole nation. In fact it might well be regarded as a waste of time to attempt such an analysis; for how is it possible that so wide and vague a generalization as would seem to be the only likely result, should be of any value?

Were any other country than Japan under examination it would be a futile task. But in this one particular case I believe it to be perfectly possible - I believe that Japan, alone among the nations, can be regarded psychologically as an individual, and that it is therefore possible actually to put a finger on the one fundamental cause of her errors and wrong-doing....

It has always been a matter of some astonishment to me that the unique homogeneity of the Japanese race has not been more frequently noted and commented on....From the time of that first immigration from the Korean peninsula to Idzumo province thousands of years ago there has been absolutely no admixture of other blood with that of the Japanese. It is remarkable! Now each country evolves for itself the government and social organization it finds most suitable. But as it develops through the centuries, through the advent of new blood, through shocks and countershocks, through new ideas and ideologies, new customs and linguistic idioms and expressions, so the social organization adjusts itself, rearranges its component parts, forms and re-forms in new groups and alignments, till slowly a definite national culture emerges which itself is ever being enlarged and enriched by fresh influxes of novel ideas and forms of art, literature and philosophy. This process in the normal development of a race is never-ending.

It has been shown how much Japan was affected by the influence of China brought over by Buddhist missionaries. But this is a very different type of influence from that brought about through the influx of new blood which, as the centuries go by, through inter-marriage and foreign intercourse, produces the urge to the creation of new thoughts and ideologies from within the peoples themselves.

In Japan, through the homogeneity mentioned above, this normal development has been curbed and sadly stunted, a state of affairs which was further intensified through the isolation of the country. So that, instead of a nation displaying a constantly changing variety of thoughts and ideas, of original conceptions and visions, we find in Japan a people who, in the varying circumstances of life, think alike, act and react alike, who seem to be lacking in all originality, and who have given hardly anything to the world in the way either of philosophy or creative thought.

It must of course be admitted that such a homogeneity as exists among the Japanese people, is in a certain sense, a source of strength, for in a national crisis it enables them to act as one vast unit with hardly a dissentient voice among them. In time of need, they rise to the call of their government as one individual, and with that sense of cohesion they fight and work and play. In the war-time factories when manual work was required, hammer strokes were given at the word of command, the arms of all the workers in the huge workshop rising and falling together in perfect unison. See the Japanese making a road in peace time, the gang of some seven or eight laborers lifting their pickaxes and letting them fall at exactly the same second. Oddly enough, when they march, they are incapable of walking in step!

Now it is the fact of this homogeneity that enables one to diagnose the psychological abnormalities of the Japanese as of no other race; moreover its effect was greatly intensified by and through the isolation period, which itself was the direct cause of the extremely narrow and nationalistic outlook, one of the chief reasons for the country's downfall.

Thus it was that when the gates of Japan were forced open by the visit of Commander Perry, she found herself totally unfitted to cope with the modern world. There then began that feverish search for all that the West could give her which, adapted to her own needs, might supply her with the equipment that would enable her to live at ease in that strange new world. That search has gone on ever since, and it has never really succeeded. For one of the effects of this racial homogeneity in a society of so narrow an outlook has been to render it markedly resistant to the adoption of new ideas, painfully sensitive to foreign impacts, and unresponsive to stimuli from abroad.

*This is a part of "Case History in Japan," published this month by Sheed & Ward. The author has taught university students in Japan for 14 years.

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This statement may at first sight seem like a contradiction of what was said earlier - that the Japanese are past-masters of adaptation. But adapting is not adopting, and when such adaptations of foreign material, methods or thoughts are examined, it will almost invariably be found that what has been taken over has been but the superficial aspect of the desired object. They have not effected a real incorporation into their own national life of foreign practices, systems or ideas. Not that they would not if they could, but I am quite convinced that, were it within their power, they would gladly adopt, in the true sense of the word, the best that other nations have to offer them, and the very essentials of that best. But a whole nation, brought up on the narrowest of nationalistic ideas, and governed by a general uniformity of idea and outlook, forms a mass of resistance that is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to permeate or overcome.

This search for something different, for something new, is one of the most marked features in the Japanese character. A new idea, a new fashion, a new method of teaching, a new shop, a new restaurant, a new anything, will, for the moment, be the center of attraction. Few of such novelties are tried out more than once!

There is surely something very suggestive, significant and indeed pathetic about such testing.

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So too in the world outside, the search went on - for what! I doubt if the seekers know themselves. But every Japanese who goes abroad invariably carries a diary and small note-book and everything that occurs, especially anything that is new and strange, is noted down and conned over on his return. Quite frequently a report is written "for the authorities." But it is my belief that, in the majority of cases, this desire to observe and to note is but a manifestation of the inner urge to discover things which, adopted into the life and civilization of their own land, will contribute to a life of happiness and contentment.

Those of us who have lived among the Japanese for some years and who have seen them both at home and abroad, know well the effect that change of environment has upon them. There are, of course, many exceptions who seem to be as adaptable to their surroundings as any widely traveled American or Englishman. But in general the Japanese abroad is quite different from what he is at home. Once he has left the soil of Nippon, he knows himself to be "in the world but not of the world." He feels himself to be an "outsider." Happy enough at home and in his own accustomed environment - or at least as happy as the Japanese way of life permits him to be - in foreign lands and among foreign peoples he is uncomfortable, restless, nervous and ill at ease.

Now this craving for something new, this unceasing search - it may manifest itself as mere curiosity - that so occupies the mind of the Japanese, is surely the result of an unconscious urge to supply something that is lacking. They feel incomplete....

Knowing something of the repressions, the complexes and conflicts under which the Japanese labor in their daily life, we see how they must suffer from this sense of incompleteness, and that, until they attain some degree of fulfilment, they will always be liable to psychological disorders and outbreaks of non-social behavior.

Psychological completeness - in other words, self-realization - cannot be achieved so long as "there are elements within us that are repressed and denied expression." This sentence alone indicates the degree to which the Japanese may be affected, for it has been shown that there is hardly any activity in their lives in which their emotions, instincts and impulses are not to some extent repressed or surpressed.

But there is one field in particular in which this sense of incompleteness is most in evidence, in which repressions most occur; a fully satisfying activity in this field would carry away the greater part, if not all, of the conflicts, complexes and repressions from which the people suffer. It would be like a river, hitherto choked up with rubbish, silted up with mud and refuse from the past. A new channel is dredged out - and the waters begin to flow; they gather strength and momentum as they pass on, sweeping away the different obstructions that lie in their path, until they move free, clear and unhampered between their banks. The activity I refer to is Religion.

It is very striking to note that almost all writers on Japan and the Japanese, however greatly they may differ on other points, seem to be in agreement on one; that the Japanese appear to have little mystical sense, that they seem to take no interest in transcendental thought, that the veiled mysteries of the inner life are for them barely existent. It is certainly a fact that, through all the long centuries of the past, Japan has contributed little of this nature to the world's thought; no great philosopher of the calibre of Confucius or Lao Tse has come from Nippon; no great teacher has arisen in the Land of the Rising Sun, whose message has left a mark upon the outside world. Even within the narrow circle of the national life, though there have arisen great Buddhist saints like Honen and Shinran, their message, though enthusiastically received at first, cannot be said to have swept the country as a whole.

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This is all the more striking when we consider the wealth and depth of Buddhist thought, the stimulus that its philosophy has always given to speculative minds, the heights of aspiration to which so many of its devotees in other lands have been led. But in Japan it does not appear to have done more than affect the surface of the religious consciousness of the people. The masses recite their formulas and feel themselves to be "safe." The educated utilize the Loan of Zen Buddhism, not as a means of attaining to the mystic union with the Divine, but merely to make themselves more efficient in the practical duties of daily life.

It would seem therefore that when it came to providing a spiritual ideal able to satisfy the cravings and aspirations of the inner life of the Japanese, Buddhism showed itself to be a failure.

Now there can be no healthy development of character and personality without the possession of an *ideal*. What exactly is meant by "the ideal"? Hadfield defines it as "that, the attainment of which produces completeness and self-realization." It is an idea capable of satisfying the craving of the soul for completeness. It not only stimulates the will to action, but also points out the direction, the method and type of that action. Individuals may choose many ideals in the course of their development; but whereas some, while realizing that their choice has been poor and inadequate still deliberately pursue it, others cast it on one side when it fails to bring the happiness and contentment desired. So the search goes on until the Ideal is discovered, that which, as has been noted above, "produces completeness and self-realization."

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It is, I think, very significant, that there has always been one ideal towards which the Japanese people as a whole have looked, which has produced in them high qualities of loyalty and devotion - the person of the Emperor. Up to and through the years of the war, this ideal was accompanied by feelings of the greatest awe, respect, almost fear, and the strength of these feelings over-shadowed the more intimate and "softer" emotions of love and affection. But now that the Emperor has cast aside the "cloak of divinity" under and behind which the ruling oligarchies have always tried to conceal him, now that he has emerged from his seclusion and mingled with his people, he has taken a place in their *hearts* as never before.

But the "worship" offered to the Emperor was always something quite different from that through which the Japanese expressed their religious instincts to the *kami* and the Buddhist "deities". For though it is perfectly true that the Japanese in general do not, or cannot, think in terms of transcendentalism, and would seem to be unable to grasp concepts of a mystical nature, yet they are a truly religious people if by religion is understood "reverence for a super-sensible power and devotion," for this the people possess in abundance. To them nature is the veil that hides some mysterious reality which is all around them, and the ubiquitous presence of shrines, temples and images; the little groups of pilgrims in their special white clothing to be met at all seasons of the year; the various festivals with their processions and ceremonies, all these are evidence of that vague consciousness of the unseen which the Japanese most certainly possess. But its very vagueness prevents it from being a personal, individual possession. It is something shared, common to all, much as is the air around them. Such a "religion" has never been able to, indeed could not, provide an Ideal.

To sum up then, it is affirmed that the fact of the Japanese being psychologically incomplete is the root cause of those faults and abnormal characteristics that have brought them to their present fate.

That they are to some extent conscious of this incompleteness is shown by their never ending quest for "some new thing": for new ideas, fresh contacts and novel experiences; thus they demonstrate dissatisfaction with their existing condition and the urge to find a remedy for what is vaguely felt to be lacking.

What they are actually seeking is the Ideal. This will give them that sense of completeness through which alone they can achieve self-realization and happiness.

Though they possess a religious sense, yet neither the beliefs of Shinto nor the teachings of Confucius or Buddhism have succeeded in supplying them with that Ideal.

The nearest approach to an ideal strong enough to affect the conduct of almost all Japanese is that of the person of the Emperor. But this is a limited conception, and will not fulfil that need which can only be satisfied when the Ideal is discovered.

Where then is this Ideal to be found?

In the Christian Faith.

It is a fact of no small significance that the greatest authority on present-day Japan, the man with a unique opportunity to observe the needs and aspiration, the actions and reactions of the Japanese people during these abnormal times - I refer of course to the Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers, General MacArthur - has made no secret of his hopes of seeing, not only the democratization of Japan, but also its Christianization. Furthermore he has not confined himself to vague expressions of hope only; he has shown a practical interest in helping towards the realization of those hopes by facilitating the return of Christian

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missionaries and by encouraging them in their labors so far as his position permits him to.

It is more than probable that he has reached his conclusion as to the desirability of a Christian Japan along lines altogether different from those suggested here. It is, of course, a fact of history that democracy, as known to Britain and the United States, is a form of government developed in and through a Christian civilization. For Democracy is a way of life. Totalitarian Dictators cannot function in a state where Christianity is a living force; so they do their best to destroy or suppress it.

It is doubtless the understanding of all this that lies at the basis of General MacArthur's hope. He has planted the seeds of democracy. Could he see those seeds putting forth their shoots from a Christian soil he would be assured, not only that they were strongly rooted, but also that their subsequent growth would be steady, healthy and certain of final fruition.

But in addition to this historical line of approach there are other reasons of a psychological nature which convince me that Christianity, and Christianity alone, is the remedy for Japan's troubles, difficulties and needs.

"But," it may be objected, "if the great religion of Buddhism has already failed, if the cult of Shinto and the Teachings of Confucius have been unable to supply the Japanese with the Ideal you say they need, why in the world give them another religion?"

Because Christianity is *unique* - and in its very uniqueness offers to the Japanese an Ideal to the type of which they have shown they are drawn - a person. For the uniqueness of Christianity consists in this - that it is the Person of Christ that is its center: the Person of Christ is the measure of all things, and "the fundamental rule is 'Follow Me.'"

There is nothing vague about this. It is a fact as simple as it is tremendous, and the invincible appeal of that Person to the heart of the Japanese has already been demonstrated in Japanese history. Nor can any greater tribute to the power and strength of that appeal be imagined than the frightful persecutions ordered by the Tokugawa Shoguns, culminating in the Decrees of Expulsion and Isolation....

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To start with, Christian civilization is built on the Family, a healthy family-life being the *sine qua non* for a healthy State. The Christian family is, in its turn, based on the sanctity of the marriage tie. It stresses the duties between parents and children and *vice versa*; but at the same time, it encourages a healthy individualism, the training of the child in responsibilities and especially in its "duty to its neighbor," thus putting an end to the narrow limitation imposed by the "family system." There must be no slavish obedience, but rather a disciplined co-operation based on free-will and kindliness. In fact, so far as the Family is concerned, the Christian conception supplies precisely what is required.

What would be the Christian view of the *kami*? Every presentation of Christianity has always stressed reverence for the departed and loving care of their graves as being one of the duties incumbent on every Christian. Prayers on their behalf are also frequently enjoined, while the corporate unity existing between the Church Militant on earth and the Church at Rest is official teaching. Thus the conception of the close contact existing between the *kami* and those still on earth would be uplifted and enhanced. In general then the cruder beliefs attached to the *kami* would be replaced by a more spiritual interpretation.

As to the feelings of the Japanese for their Emperor, these too by being rationalized would be rendered, if less material, yet more profound.

"The powers that be are ordained of God" (Romans XIII, 1). "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's (Matthew XXII, 21). "Do honour to all; love the brotherhood, reverence God, honour the Emperor" (1 Peter, II,17).

In these three statements are laid down, not only the position of the ruler and his relationship to his people, but also the foundation on which a democratic state should be built.

There is finally the question of a social organization which will preserve and enhance the many valuable qualities that have been developed among the Japanese by the persistence of the "group mentality"; but which will eliminate the weaknesses for which that same mentality has been responsible. Now, I think it will be generally agreed that, among the most pressing needs of the people of Japan, is the destruction of that narrow, self-centered, nationalistic viewpoint which has done such infinite harm to the nation. Nothing is more likely to effect this destruction so thoroughly as membership of the most international organization the world has ever known - the great corpus of Christian believers, of every race, of every nation, of every class and color - the Mystical Body of Christ, the Church on earth. Yet within this tremendous Society are the many lesser units that comprise It - bodies and groups devoted to special objects, guilds and confraternities, clubs, sodalities, and fellowships, etc.; a host of smaller groups, separate yet all united as their members are themselves united in loyalty to the One central Figure - the Person of Christ. This, for the Japanese people, is the vital, the nation-saving fact - the discovery at long last of the Ideal.

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We know what the possession of that Ideal accomplished among the Japanese people in the seventeenth century, the heights to which it drew them, the flaming loyalty it inspired among them - a loyalty and devotion that surpassed anything they had ever conceived of, that held them faithful when in the power of the torturer and executioner: and - yet more astounding - held those simple villagers faithful through two hundred odd years without a word or sign of encouragement from the outer world.

Here is seen the capacity of the Japanese when they are attached whole-heartedly to the One Ideal. To such an Ideal, once realized, their devotion is entire; their eagerness for service on its behalf, and their self-forgetfulness in that service, is *whole*-hearted; nothing is withheld. The normally unbalanced emotionalism is steadied and directed; the will is forged to steel-like strength, and the life, *complete* in every sense, is lived in the fulfilment of that Ideal.

But of course this is not conceived of as an instantaneous occurrence. Such a transformation of life and character as the finding and recognition of the Ideal would entail, is far more likely to be a matter of long years - even generations - of endeavor, of frequent failure, of perseverance and constant recovery. But once the Japanese people know themselves to have found the Ideal they have been seeking so long, even if at first the discovery be but a glimpse, there will be no turning back. For once glimpsed, the Vision of the Ideal I speak of ever grows, ever becomes more worth while, richer, more fulfilling, more compelling. He who possesses It, be he Japanese or of any other race, knows with Pascal that "apart from Christ we know not what our life or our death is; we do not know what God is; nor what we ourselves are."

The Labor Movement

The Building Industry

In a recent letter to The Commonweal J. Sanford Shanley asked this column to explain the action of a New Jersey local of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, AFL. The local had refused membership to a highly qualified electrician because the members had decided to reserve that privilege for their own sons.

It is impossible to defend the action, but it is not so difficult to explain it. As a matter of fact, many of the good old Catholic guilds of the Middle Ages, which some romanticists look back to with such tender yearning, had exactly the same practice. It was one of the things that killed them. The CIO sprang up in the thirties because AFL craft unions like the electricians suffered too much from the restrictive, exclusive kind of mentality that Mr. Shanley's Jersey local reveals in its membership requirements.

You could add many complaints to Mr. Shanley's. The most recent is the refusal of the electricians in New York City, seconded by the plumbers, to go along with Mayor O'Dwyer's wage stabilization agreement. This agreement, which would run until June 30, 1950, with a slight cost of living increase in July, 1949, has been signed by unions representing 175,000 workers. The electricians refuse to go along because they want to be free to press for further increases in a wage scale which already nets them $112.50 for a 40-hour week. The Mayor is holding up $150,000,000 worth of hospital construction alone until wages can be stabilized. Looks pretty bad, doesn't it?

But look at the other side of the picture. Some 29 unions *have* signed the agreement. They have taken a gamble with the cost of living, and with the spectre of unemployment, a gamble which could work out very badly in terms of bread and butter, in terms of the basic necessities of life. If the cost of living goes up 25% between now and July, 1949, for example, they will receive only 5% more in wages - or a loss of 20%. If it goes up 50%, they receive 17.5% and so on.

To my knowledge, not one single manufacturer of building materials has signed an agreement, either in New York or elsewhere, whereby he would stabilize his prices and take the same gamble as the unions. Nor have we heard of any building contractors, realtors or architects who have signed agreements that they would limit their take to any fixed figure, or even any fixed percentage, for the next few years. These men can think of all sorts of magnificent reasons why they should not bind themselves to such a contract. Instead they insist on "escalator clauses," providing for a periodic boost.

The building workers have by far the best reasons to insist on their pound of flesh. They remember, with a vividness born of old hungers and old despairs, that there were years on end when construction workers could not work at their trade because there was no work. They remember WPA and the relief rolls. It is doubtful if many contractors or many building materials manufacturers ever saw the inside of a relief office or the end of a WPA shovel.

The spectre of unemployment - that is what lies at the root of the evils that exist in building trade unions; that is the one big argument that is used to justify every excess, every stupidity. And the spectre is real. It cannot be exorcised by name-calling.

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It will not be enough for all elements in the building industry to get together and work out some kind of all-around stabilization program. The building industry is also entitled to some kind of stabilization program from the economy as a whole. And so we return to the theme of our last column: the necessity for industry councils which will be coordinated and supervised by a national economic council representing labor, management, farmers, and the public interest. The alternatives would seem to be: Communism, Socialism or Fascism. The one thing we cannot do is to continue forever as we are. Sooner or later we must choose. We might as well choose something inexpensive.

"The Great Leader of Labor"

In a recent issue of *The New Leader,* Social Democratic publication, no less an authority than Philip Taft writes that "recent developments tend to show that Phil Murray is the great leader of labor in this era." Taft, who is co-author with Selig Perlman of the famous "A History of Labor in the United States" and professor of economics at Brown, is a man whose words carry weight.

Among the qualities Taft ascribes to Murray are "intelligence," "stability," "perseverance" and "wisdom". He compares the CIO president very favorably with his predecessor and former boss, John L. Lewis. Taft also defends Murray from the charge that he did not take a strong position against the Stalinists inside the CIO at an earlier date. He says that "Murray wisely acted on the principle that time would bring greater understanding to the membership, and that sentiment against using the would bring greater understanding to the membership, and that sentiment against using the union for totalitarian political purposes would inevitably arise. In biding his time and choosing the issue, Murray has put the totalitarian forces at a great disadvantage."

Taft points out how important the principle of union autonomy is, and how the AFL, back in the old pre-CIO days, allowed the furrier's union to remain in the organization even though it was headed by avowed Communists. The device that Murray is using to get around union autonomy is CIO control over the local councils, which are city and state-wide in nature, are supposed to include all the CIO unions within their jurisdiction. They are directly responsible to the CIO executive board, and the board makes the rules that govern their operation. Back in 1946, at Murray's suggestion, the board amended the rules to provide that these councils must conform to national CIO policy on all national and international issues. The rule was aimed directly at those councils, then about ten in number, which were controlled by the Stalinist faction.

Since that time a number of councils have been freed from the CP's by the votes of their own delegates. Still controlled are those in Los Angeles, San Francisco, California, Detroit, Newark, and, most important of all, New York City. What now seems to be shaping up is the formation of rival organizations, with the CIO transferring its charters and leaving the Stalinist brethren clutching nothing but an empty bag. The issues, of course, are Wallace and the Marshall Plan, and Murray's office has ruled that no evasion - such as tabling or declarations of neutrality - will be tolerated. It flows logically from this that the CP's are licked unless they want to go so far as to pass resolutions denouncing Wallace and backing the ERP, in which case they will look pretty silly. They may also decide to pull out of CIO entirely, but then where would they go?

When you examine Murray's long-range strategy, it does look fairly impressive. Some maintain that union autonomy did not prevent him from firing Len DeCaux, CIO publicity man, and Counsel Lee Pressman a long time before he did get around to it. Nevertheless, let him who is without procrastination cast the first stone.

JOHN C. CORT

The Stage & Screen

You Never Can Tell

When Shaw wrote Hesketh Pearson calling this comedy a potboiler, he was not far wrong I suppose; the honest truth being that even a Shavian potboiler is still apt to be more interesting and more amusing than what we are generally served. But what I wonder is why, if he does not consider the piece one of his masterpieces - *why* he will not let it be cut. It does drag interminably during the first two acts. The endless luncheon scene is just that: endless. In the year 1895, it may have been absorbing for English audiences to watch actors munching their way through a five course meal; perhaps it would be ironically even more absorbing to them now.

But it is only when we really get into Gloria's and Valentine's furious romance that the piece picks up and the doings are hilarious. I defy even the author himself to synopsize the plot. It is probably safest to say that the fable chiefly concerns the surrender of a "New" young woman to a "Newer" young man, considerably assisted by the ultimate in stage waiters, the imperturbable William, plus his super-successful Barrister son. All ends happily and, strangely enough, there is no moral at all.

I think the Theatre Guild people have been very handsome - too handsome in fact - with the production. Stewart Chaney's first set looks rather more like a ballroom than a lodging-house bedroom with a dentist's chair stuck in the middle of it. And the casting and direc-

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tion is a little strange. Frieda Inescort is wonderfully attractive as the Mother of the piece, but the trouble is that Mrs. Clandon is just not supposed to be that young and that attractive. The balance of the piece is thrown off here, and a good bit of the subtlety of the Mother's relations with her daughters and son is lost. Then too, the imported director, Peter Ashmore, seems to have a strange notion that actors standing about on top of the furniture is intriguing action: a vast and embarrassing misconception. The worth of the evening (and it *is* a worthy one) is upheld by Leo G. Carroll's William, Walter Hudd's Finch, and Faith Brook and Tom Helmore in the parts of the young lovers. Mr. Hudd in particular is a joy to watch, and Miss Brook is the most interesting of the younger actresses in seasons. *(at the Martin Beck)*

Kappo Phelan

Reviews of recent films by Philip T. Hartung make the following points:

The Search - produced in the American zone of Germany for MGM, this "tremendously moving film about displaced persons, especially homeless children" avoids "sentimental pitfalls." It is not to be missed.

Two impressive films from Italy: *Paisan* presents an uneven series of incidents as the invading British and American armies move North from Sicily. Several scenes "have a terrific punch." *Angelina* embodies a fine job of characterization in a story about arousing poor women of the slums.

All My Sons. A good performance by Edward G. Robinson fails to save this confused film about a guilty war plane engine manufacturer.

The Miracle of the Bells - good production, but "too bad all this money could not have been spent on a story that had some relation to reality."

The Smugglers - intelligent English chase picture in technicolor awkwardly expurgated for American audiences.

Three Hollywood farces: *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* - excellent cast headed by Cary Grant, Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas. "Perhaps I laughed as much as I ever have at a movie."

Road to Rio - the funniest of the Crosby-Hope Road series. *April Showers* - Jack Carson and Ann Sothern in a skit about a 1912 vaudeville team which should have been funnier than it is.

Books

James and Joan. Anne Fremantle. Holt. $3.00.

James and Joan tells a story of power politics among the Scots, and is a braw tale of murder, sorties for loot above and below and across the border, of genealogical trees as snarled as mangrove swamps. It is a tale of eighteen years imprisonment in the Tower of London, of an unransomed prince turned poet in his solitude, of battlefields in France; and above all, of the finding and wedding of a True Love. The story is fragrant with the heather on Scottish moors and in many gardens; and stinks with the unsanitary arrangements of fifteenth century castles and hovels and the horrid wind over the unburied dead of the Plague year in London.

The story begins simply enough with James's birth in the royal lodging attached to the Benedictine Monastery at Dumferline. His father, Robert III, hundred and first King of Scotland, and second of the Stuart kings, was away in his somber castle of Rothesay on the island of Bute in the wild, cateran country. Queen Annabella, she that had been a Drummond, was content with this, her little lastling, her seventh child. She "watched the guzzling James nibbling softly at her breast and hoped she would not have to put him out to wet nurse... the smell of the hay came through the opened windows and above the steady rhythm of the child suckling Annabella could hear the birds; mavis and merl were shouting merrily..."

What Mrs. Fremantle brings to the tale is both knowledge of the nature and love for England, Scotland and France, and almost too much, not uncombed, but too stacked, historical research. The hard heart of much expectation of a perfect "novel" from this author wishes she had chosen from among her riches and interests a simpler story line, recklessly chosen to discard a good third of her detailed information about household gear and ancient customs. Or perhaps if she had called her tale historical biography, we might have braced ourselves for a plethora of dated facts, always acceptable to those who want to relive and understand a period, and less beguiling to those in search of sheer moving narrative. The seamless style of Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair" is missing, and the narrative though full of horses and their riders does not gallop. Still what prisoner's story does? It is bound to be compounded of frustrations. In trying to serve forth pie a la mode, history with a love story as its special reason for dramatization, however, Anne Fremantle does give full measure of harsh and tangled politics, and startling little biological scenes, and a general effect of crowded tapestry. Her language is rich with old Scots poetic English, and words out of today's street, so old maybe that they are new, surprise and jolt. Always she accompanies her characters on a silver lute, humming many old saws. She never forgets that her hero was a poet, and not always counted minor by students of Chaucer's age.

On the day of his birth, a little wreath of yellow roses and bay was discovered, mystery in his cradle, and the portent was that he should wear a crown. A double portent, for his brother David stood before him in the succession, and there was shadow on the golden promise - death for David. And so it came to pass. The child Jamie grew up, and at five, with beaver hat and a circlet of gold like a coronet, gilt spurs and leather boots, mounted on a strawberry roan fifteen spans high, arrests our attention. But the elder brother he adored is already in the shadow of the portent. Rakish and greedy for power and money, he jilted one bride and made an enemy of her clan, and wed another, insisted on a dukedom, seized power from his Uncle Albany as governor, and died, certainly murdered by circumstances devised by his uncle. The legend described as fact by Mrs. Fremantle of a starving man

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near dead of dysentery eating his own hands and being suckled by a farm girl who climbed the vines along a castle tower to give him her breast through bars and a fresh egg from her mouth outSteinbecks even Holy Scripture.

Young James, after his mother's death, sent away by his father from the gathering internecine storms among the Scots nobles, to France, was kidnaped by pirates and brought to the Court of Henry IV and to the Tower. What makes the book both interesting, and often confusing as well, is the great number of characters that come and go, while the hero stands still. His companions in the Tower, the people he met when in protective custody and jaunting about, forever waiting to be ransomed by those above the border who were enjoying benefits his by right, news of wars in France, and Christendom divided and yet held together by the Faith, theological controversy woven into the story, church pageants--crowd the pages.

The day came when Albany the Usurper was dead. Archibald Douglas brought James the news. But there was still no ransom. Murdoch, long since rescued from the Tower, north of the border was proceeding cautiously, not yet king, but already executing a design for a new Great Seal.

There was the day when the sorry James looked down into the April gay garden at Windsor and, to quote a poem of his, "on the small green twistis sitting, the little nightingale that sung, so loud and clear." That day he remembered all his life.

Then begin the happy years, but there is no happy ending. James and Joan in time returned to Scotland and to reign. There are domestic scenes, runaway days at a people's fair, the partnership in household and kingdom; and Scots forever warring among themselves, envious, bold, contriving. The false Earl of Athol led in the treason. Mrs. Fremantle tells the stark story. King James was murdered, died struggling and run through with swords. Justice armed with vengeance moved fast. The traitors were brought face to face with their victim as he lay on the catafalque before they were led out to torture. "After torture they were beheaded, and then torn limb from limb and quartered by the hangman. The butchered bits were hung at the gates of towns and burghs as a warning, whilst their heads were set on iron spikes and displayed on the most conspicuous places in villages and cities.

"After each one had died, Joan, stirring the living hair around James's dead ears with her warm breath, whispered to him: 'He suffered more than you, Jamie.'"

The date was 1437, five hundred years ago. How hard won through time and over space is all civility. Yet James the poet and Joan his queen survive a story to be retold.

ERNESTINE EVANS

I Saw Poland Betrayed. Arthur Bliss Lane. Bobbs. $3.50.

Arthur Bliss Lane, American Ambassador to Poland from 1944 to 1947, resigned his post in order to tell the American public of the Communist domination of Poland with all the resulting horror and brutality. He gives an account of the background of the settlement of Poland's fate at the Teheran and Yalta conferences and takes us through the Polish elections of 1947.

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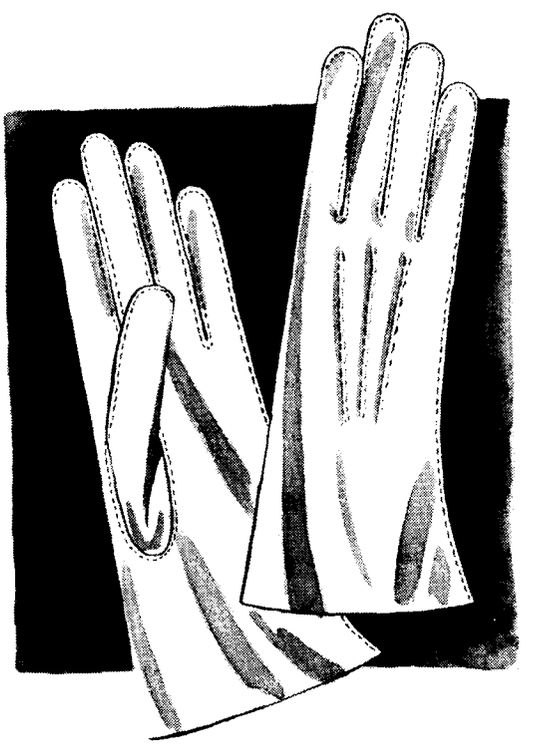

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of which we are becoming fearfully aware. The pattern, however, did not appear quite so distinct to most Americans when Poland fell a prey to its powerful Communist neighbor. In the early stages of its unfolding it must have appeared distinct to many within Poland. In the face of all that had been said of Russia, what, for instance, might a good Catholic have thought when the property of the Lutheran Church in East Prussia was turned over to the Catholics at the command of the Russians? What might any patriotic Pole have thought of Russia's firm determination to extend Poland's boundaries far to the west? Despite Russia's appropriation of rich eastern portions of Poland, there was always the undeniable fact that these lands were inhabited in large part by people traditionally attached to Russia. The withdrawal of the main body of Russian troops from Polish lands left in its wake the foundations of a ruthless police state. A determined and Moscow-trained body of Polish communists who formed the nucleus of the provisional Lublin government took over. The whole harrowing story of kidnapings, brutal murders, secret arrests, and cruel imprisonments of patriotic Polish citizens is vividly related by Ambassador Lane. Nothing less than a great devotion to duty and affection for the Polish people could have kept an able diplomat at a post where frustration of every effort, where the flouting of every demand, and where constant espionage on the part of the authorities made futile and exasperating America's mission.

Mr. Lane is highly critical of the late President Roosevelt, for his appeasement of Russia at Teheran and at Yalta. We are hearing this criticism from many quarters. We are hearing it from our erstwhile appeasers of the Nazis and from consistent opponents of the Nazis. Mr. Lane, as a firsthand witness of the results of Russian domination might very understandably have desired that the decision at Teheran and Yalta had been different. Mr. Roosevelt, however, faced the issue of Polish-Russian relations while we were deep in the critical phases of a great war. Russian fighting power was essential for our success in Europe, and that same power could cut short appreciably the struggle in the Pacific. If it was reasonable to believe at that time that a brave ally would carry out its obligations, it was equally reasonable to believe that concessions should be made to it. Whether Mr. Roosevelt's decision and agreements were right or wrong from the point of view of subsequent events, they had to be made with a view to the cost in human lives.

Mr. Lane's work is not pleasant reading. The lack of hysteria in the presentation makes the work most convincing - and the shadow that hangs over the world dark indeed.

JEROME G. KERWIN

Hart Crane. Brom Weber. Bodley. *$4.00.*

The intentions of Mr. Weber's "biographical and critical study" seem pretty unclear. He does go in for samplings of a number of things but follows nothing down a long straight line. So his book is no considerable addition to what we have known thus far about Hart Crane.

The psychological problem of Crane is simply blurred. All we get really is a two-dimensional

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spread of Mr. Weber's notes, but no inward control. Mr. Weber's understanding plods when it makes the effort at all; nowhere does it operate with anything like professional savoir-faire.

The same goes for Mr. Weber's reading of Crane's poetry. Such criticism as Mr. Weber gives us is unsystematic; guided by whatever sudden ideas Mr. Weber gets at whatever time rather than by the requirements of a firm direction. The most sustained analysis in the book, that of "The Bridge," *is* fairly consistent, but consistently pedestrian. Here Mr. Weber stays with structure, and his conclusions seem to me basically right; but they need much qualification of the kind we can get only by looking closely at the diction, because where Crane does achieve a subliminal quality it is in the diction rather than the structure. And on this poem Mr. Weber stays very far from the diction.

Elsewhere there are sporadic observations on influences or on the problem of this poem or that, with no persevering effort to do one thing thoroughly. If Mr. Weber hopes to establish some relationships between the personality and the work, he is successful in a spotty kind of way; but in the chief problem of Crane's determination to discover or create a "myth," the great diligence which Mr. Weber expends has very little reward. Despite all his attention, the subtleties of the problem are left unexplored. I think of how much could be examined in Crane's lack of formal philosophical training and of discipline in taste; or in the possibility that he had some subconscious need to justify his father's world even after rebelling against it; or in the chance that his own genius, essentially romantic and crude (I don't equate those two words), had to try half-heartedly to project itself beyond the hard standards which his more sophisticated friends and influences came to represent for him. Much of this sort of speculation could be worked out with the data Mr. Weber provides (for example, on Crane's vacillating reactions to the business world); it is all the sadder that Mr. Weber hasn't taken a tight grip on his material.

The book is, in fact, not really held together, and the general result is very lumpy reading.

HENRY RAGO

On the Marble Cliffs. Ernst Juenger. New Directions. $2.50.

The translator, Stuart Hood, indicates that a "certain amount of mystification" had to be used by Juenger for a book he wanted published in Hamburg in 1939, just before the Nazis reached the climax of their power. Only those who lived under Hitler are able to gauge the amount of visible criticism contained in a book like this. In 1939 it was even hard for the Nazi censor to put his finger on things that were definitely anti-Nazi in this book - it is all so vague that only an elite of intellectuals could estimate the power of this book. A man like Goebbels could "feel" that the former forerunner of intellectual Nazism had found the eating of the broth which he helped to concoct too repulsive, too bloody, too vulgar and too plebeian. But what could Goebbels do - if, e.g., he identified the "Chief Ranger" with Goering - the "Reich-Forest Ranger" and if he threw Juenger into a concentration camp for his ridicule of Hitler's most faithful paladin, would he not draw Goering's hatred on

CONVERSIONS

in Japan are at flood level. This will please Francis Horner, author of CASE HISTORY OF JAPAN ($3.00), (a chapter of which appears in *The Commonweal*.) Mr. Horner, being a Catholic and fond of the Japs naturally wants them all to be Catholics too, and as soon as possible. But he is also one of the few people who seems really to understand that odd nation. He has studied their history, way of life, literature and religion: he is full of ideas about what, besides converting them, can be done about them. The book appears this month.

PRIEST-WORKMAN IN GERMANY($2.50) by Henri Perrin, S.J.,of which *The Commonweal also ran a chapter* is climbing fast into the best-seller lists. We hope the same will be true of CASE HISTORY OF JAPAN.

Did you ever hear of William Carleton? No? Well, he was, according to Yeats the greatest of all Irish novelists. He lived in Ireland before, and during, the famine: historians go to his novels to find out what really went on in those terrible days. Benedict Kiely has written a biography of him, POOR SCHOLAR ($3.00) which is also a history of 19th century Ireland—in which, as he shows, were all the makings of the very different Ireland we know today.

Also *from Ireland comes a book which those who do not* wish to read poetry for pleasure should avoid at all costs. HOW TO ENJOY POETRY ($3.00) by Robert Farren is one of the hardest books tc resist we know of. Mr. Farren's *enthusiasm is of the catching sort, the 100 or so poems* with which he illustrates it make as lovely an anthology as we have ever seen. This is coming on the 28th of this month.

A week ahead of it comes THE DEATH OF SOCRATES ($3.00) by Romano Guardini. This consists of four of the Dialogues of Plato with a running commentary by Guardini in which just about everything about the Christian idea of death gets said. It may seem an odd way to approach the subject, but the result is highly satisfactory—it's the only book about death we have seen which (between Socrates & Guardini) manages to be cheerful without being gruesome.

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himself for having recognized him? This was all much too subtle for the great public and Tom, Dick and Harry did not know what this was all about. Besides - the book is confused and confusing, its tendency might go down with the ever wavering, disputing circle of "Kreisan," with some of the intellectual officers behind the 1944 revolt, but what could it do to the victorious regime? Besides, was Juenger so sure himself? He served in Hitler's army. Even now it reads like a nostalgic fantasy with some "Goetterdaemmerung" in it, a sad farewell to civilization of one who had known the sweetness of the ancient regime meeting even in decay, and who discovered too late that he had helped to put it down by irresponsible writings. It provided a cathartic for a whole class of delicately organized intellectuals who saw modern Hellenism come down with a crash. It ends with an escape into an old farmhouse, a Germanic hearth, the house of the father - tradition and simplicity. It is all still very Germanic and pagan; civilization, culture, science, Latin urbanity are lost. Of Christ I have found no word.

Ernst and his brother Georg Juenger are courageous men. Both resisted in their way Hitler in a sphere that lies above the level of Gestapo, concentration camps, politics and preachment. As symptoms of conversion they are interesting. They were a potion of bracing strength for intimidated intellectuals. They could not have been more than that.

H. A. REINHOLD

The March of Muscovy: Ivan the Terrible and the Growth of the Russian Empire - 1400-1648. Harold Lamb. Doubleday. $3.75.

Harold Lamb is a capable specialist in historical inquiry and writing, and "Muscovy," like his earlier works, is readable and, all unpedantically, instructional. The Russian state, and, perhaps, its distinguished "civilization," arise from a number of historical forces which are great enough and clear enough to study and consider (and others, doubtless, which now we do not identify and appreciate). The most important formative influence from the past, the Byzantine Roman Empire, does not receive genuinely serious treatment from this romantic author. In the same act of selection Mr. Lamb reduces the part of the Orthodox Church. These more "classic" or formal parts do not fit the style or purpose. The author concentrates, rather, on the native barbarian part and on the sweeping geographic setting, without, of course, neglecting his old theme, the Mongol Tatars. In all, the fundamentals of Russia which this book pictures clearly in easy and attractive narrative are those which are different from the West. This is true even though wars and trade and other relations with Western Europe necessarily take up many pages, even before Peter the Great. The book could be used without great strain by either side in the present world dispute. The titled Ivan the Terrible was a monarch of an extreme eccentricity and fantastic reign richly deserving the chapters which tell about them, in fact quietly rather than gaudily.

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